THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

.....“VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D.”
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 137.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

I am a young man, somewhat beyond the age of legal discretion, who have passed through the usual grades of a liberal education in this country. I have lately been induced to turn my thoughts back upon the preceding periods of my life, and have been somewhat amused in observing the different *prejudices* which, at different times, have operated upon my mind, and governed my conduct. As it is not unlikely a history of these may be a mirror, in which some others may see themselves, I present you with an account of them.

The first, that exerted a powerful dominion, took possession of me at leaving college. I there imbibed the opinion, that science and literature were unknown any where but within the walls of our seminary, and that my masters and fellow students monopolized the genius and erudition of the whole country. When, therefore, I returned home, I was in fact an accomplished coxcomb: vain, pedantic, arrogant, and contemptuous. I imagined myself an oracle of wisdom, capable of informing and enlightening the whole circle of my acquaintance. It was not very long, however, before a nearer insight into the world cured me effectually of this overweening conceit; and I was compelled at last to abandon my narrow notions, and to see that numbers around me far excelled me in useful, as well as elegant literature.

My mind now took a different bent. I saw I had embraced a shadow: I determined to apply all my art and industry to seize the substance. I recollected the maxims of eminent men, that long study and the most assiduous application were requisite to the attainment of Knowledge. I called to my mind the histories of Milton, Swift, Hume, and other great men, who had retired to a life of solitude and devoted themselves to unremitted study. I saw that the men most renowned for genius were most remarkable for their industry and reading: and that the world knew nothing of the puerile distinction between the offspring of genius and of study, so much to the prejudice of the latter. And having frequently heard that in a republican form of Government merit alone is a title to distinction, I had not a moment's doubt, that as soon as I was capable of acting I should be called upon to aid the counsels of my country, at home, or to maintain her dignity and her interests among foreign nations.

Full of these opinions, I thought of nothing but books. I willingly sacrificed amusement, society, and sometimes health itself, in pursuit of that high distinction, that I saw ready to crown my efforts. I became of course a complete bookworm in knowledge and in manners. I overloaded my memory with a rude and undigested mass, little calculated to form the mind to thinking, writing or acting. And I despised all attention to manners, as the pursuit of a little mind and unworthy my high ambition.

After plodding for some years in this train, I laid up a considerable portion of information of various kinds, and began to think of making use of it for my own interest and the service of my country. I was now impressed with the firm expectation that my mind would instantly be known and distinguished.

It was some time before this second prejudice evaporated: before I saw that mere unadorned merit it is, of all titles in the world, the very last that raises itself into notice. That in the present state of things a thousand little arts and intrigues must be practised to attain that “vantage ground” from which talents will be beheld and rewarded. And that in nine cases out of ten eminence and wealth are attained by the exertion of other qualities.

Now again I despaired. I saw that I had not those polished manners, that could engage the good will of the indifferent: That I possessed not those popular arts necessary to make many around me unite in my advancement. On the contrary, I was timid, awkward, reserved in manners, independent and stubborn in sentiment, little calculated to tread the intricate steps of popular promotion, or to court the patronage and smiles of the great. But I perceived that unless I would consent to rest in obscurity I must extricate myself from this ignoble situation and become more the man of the world. I had accidentally heard a person mention Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son as a book well calculated to form the manners and to teach politeness. This book was one I had not been conversant with in my studies: but as it fell in so exactly with my present resolution I hurried to a bookseller's shop and procured it. No sooner had I perused it than I became infatuated with his advice: and resolved to make his opinion the maxims of my conduct. I spent much time in attending to my person, imported my Coats, and Boots from England; kept a dancing master in my house practised the bow and the smirk before the glass, studied as a system the art of compliment and flattery, and in short became as consummate a model of the Chesterfieldian doctrine, as that Lord himself could have pourtrayed his son in the gayest moments of his Fancy.

For a considerable period I esteemed my fortune made. I thought the Graces were the only Goddesses worth adoration, and that my accomplishments could not fail to raise me as rapidly and to as great a height as they did the famous Duke of Marlborough. I concurred exactly with my oracle that the ladies swallowed willingly flattery of all sorts: that the men are to be subdued by the same pill administered with caution and dexterity: and that dissimulation and deceit in the intercourse of life were pardonable, nay meritorious qualities.

I must confess I was surprised to find that even then I did not succeed. On the the contrary, though at first I advanced with some success, I began to see that in the excess of my zeal I had adopted a third prejudice, even more dangerous than the former. And I had reason to believe that a perseverance in the pursuit of the Chesterfieldian plan in all its parts was attended with ridicule and reproach. That my sincerity began to be called in question: that I was looked upon in the families where I visited with suspicion and disbelief: that my premeditated compliments and repeated flatteries were received with coldness and were censured in my absence: And, in fine, I was forced to perceive that I had much forfeited the dignity of my own character, and the good opinion of others, in exchanging candour, sincerity and truth for hypocrisy, adulation, and servility.

DAVID DUBIOUS.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE MOST REMARKABLE VISIT TO ENGLAND, &c.

[Continued.]

Sunday June 5.

There being no Synagogue of any description at Caerfilly, I visited the castle with Dr. Bates. As he was an antiquarian, he explored every recess of the old ruins; and I intent only upon myself, meditated a new Drama.

Of Caerfilly Castle the most remarkable part is the Hanging Tower. It exceeds, says Camden, any tower of Italy. It is seen to the greatest advantage from the windows of the Bear's Head. While Doctor Bates was lost in musing over the ruins, I suddenly exclaimed A coin! A coin! where, cried the Doctor. I put the coin into his hands. It was a brass shilling, which I had in my pocket. Still it was a coin and the Doctor scrutinized it with spectacles on nose.

While I was thus *quizzing* the antiquarian, the castle was neglected, and I dismiss the subject with one or two remarks, which are not to be found in Camden. To an unsophisticated mind why should the ruins of a castle impart more emotion than the walls of a cottage? In the castle dwelt princes, and for this reason a reverential awe is to be awakened in the heart. But these princes were barbarians, greater savages than Achilles, or Hector, or Ajax, while the inhabitants of the cottage, susceptible, only of the social energies, wielded a pruning hook, instead of a javelin, and laboured at the plough instead of the sword.

June 7.

This day I made a journey to Pontyprid with Doctor Bates. To reach the bridge the traveller passes though a succession of romantic scenery on the banks of the Taffe. Such mountains! no man could attain their submit without fatigue.

In the road from Caerfilly to Pontyprid is a castle very attractive to travellers. It is one of Don Quixote's castles: It is an Inn, called the Bridge-water Arms.

At the Bridge-water Arms we found a very little man, but a very great walker, of the name of Taylor. I was at first disposed to think Mr. Taylor a Welch tourist, but he acquainted me that he was travelling to receive orders for certain Brandy-merchants at Bristol, under the firm of Peters & co.

Resuming our seats on our saddles, we soon got to Pontyprid, or, in English, New Bridge. It consits of a single arch, the segment of a circle. It is thirty five feet in height; and from abutment to abutment it measures one hundred and forty-five.

From the bridge we went to the salmon leap, but saw no fish.

Having returned to the Bridge-water Arms, we found a coach and four, a landau, and phaeton drawn up before the door, all filled with an assemblage of elegant people. It was Sir Francis Burdett, and the countess of Guilford together with their families. Little Mr. Taylor was eyeing them from a pane of glass, like peeping Tom of Coventry,—and he had recognized their faces.

Sir Francis appeared in suspense whether to pass the night at the Bridge-water Arms, or to proceed to Caerfilly; and as the rolling Heavens make no delay for Baronets or Lords it was necessary to be prompt.

Prompt Sir Frances was. For hearing Dr. Bates and myself call for our horses and suspecting we were going to Caerfilly, he dispatched an outrider to acquaint the landlord at the Boar's head that Sir Francis Burdett and his suit would bespeak all the beds in his house!

Hence I was in danger of being compelled to cling to the rock for want of a shelter and to be exposed that night to the dews of heaven. But my solicitude was soon relieved when I heard Mr. Jones exclaim "that Mr. Kotzebue should not be turned out of his bed for the best lord in the land."

Joy to Mr. and Mrs. Jones at the Boar's head Caerfilly. May the morning ever rise resplendent on their caravansary.

June 10

Dr. Bates being acquainted with a squire in the neighbourhood, I accompanied him to his friend's house.

Mr Wyndan Lewis received us with cordiality. He is an old batchelor, and he is passing the evening of his life, with an old maiden sister and half a dozen Tom and female *cats*. I could scarcely repress my smiles when I beheld this happy family assembled. The heart of man wants always something to be kind to. It naturally seeks society. Trenck during his imprisonment found solace in the visits of a mouse, and the joy of Mr. Lewis is centered in his cat.

Mr. Lewis has a large and well selected library. But his reading days are no more, and his books are suffered to gather dust on the shelf.

Yet he loves to discourse upon literary topics; and in a review, which he took of the Augustan age in England, he lavished many incomiums on *Addington*, whose prose, in the Spectator he thought a model of purity!

I was feasted two days by Mr. Lewis, and should have staid longer under his proof, but the linen of my friend having changed its colour from white to brown, he departed homeward, and I returned to the Boar's head.

June 15.

To day I accompanied Mr. Jones to visit his farm. I love Jones. He is the most tolerant landlord, I have found in the United Kingdom. One never hears him say "It is time for all honest people to be in bed. The clock has struck twelve. &c. &c." Falstaff and Poins might have drunk themselves asleep in their chairs, without disturbance. Having caught my landlord out of his house it was for him to treat me; so I called away for *Cwrw* at the expense of Mr. Jones. But I could never drink *Cwrw* with any kind of gust. Gripes and flatulencies lurked in the bottom of every jug, I took into my hand. *Cwrw* is not less nauseous, than the drink made by the south Sea Islanders with chewing the roots of yams.

This day set out on my mare for Merthyr Tydvil. And now discovered that to a man, who travels on horseback, it is of more consequence to be a good ostler, then the best of dramatic writers. My mare was low in the shoulders, and I was frequently obliged to dismount, loosen the girths, and put back my saddle.

Night stealing upon me I was glad to procure a bed at the Quaker's yard. The landlord was not without hay or oats; but he had no straw for litter, and not wishing my mare to sleep on the bare stones, I turned her out in a pasture.

When I rose next morning, my sight was enchanted with the beautiful country around me. Nay, even the house which, in the dark, wore an aspect of poverty, now acquired charms. A stream rolled its waters near the door, and a boy was sitting out on the bank eating his *Cara Caws*, and calling out Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

The child brought to my recollection a natural passage in some poet, where he addresses the cuckoo

"The school boy wandering in the woods,
"To pluck the flowers so gay,
"Starts to hear thy curious note
"And imitates thy lay!"

when the landlord brought out my mare, there was a little girl of a eleven standing at the door, looking at the animal. *Keffel da!* said I to the little maid. No! said she *Kasseg*.

This anecdote is, I think not a bad one.

To behold the town of Merthyr to advantage it should be entered at night. For what can be conceived more awfully grand than numberless volcanoes, vomiting smoke, and furnaces emitting their vivid lights, till the whole country appears in flames.

Merthyr Tydvil is situated on the borders of Brecknokshire, thirty miles from Brecon. It is supported by the iron trade, and its mines extend eight miles in length and four in breadth.

The workmen employed by the different iron masters are very numerous. Mr. Crawshaw alone is said to employ between two and three thousand men; and other gentlemen in equal proportion; so that the population of Merthyr is computed to be ten thousand persons.

Merthyr, June 18.

On approaching Merthyr, I, at the intersection of two roads, took the wrong one; and it was by what is called the "Tram road," that I entered the town.

I put up at the Star, an inn notorious for the rats that infest it, and the incivility of the land-lady. I however, formed an acquaintance at the star with Mr. Wilkins, an attorney, who was so astonished at the ability with which I discussed politics, the drama, and veterinary art that he likened me to the man in Lord Lyttleton's letters.

Accompanied by Mr. Wilkins, I went to inspect an enormous over-shot wheel composed entirely of cast iron. It is fifty feet in diameter and seven feet wide. I never beheld any wheel in Germany to equal it. This wheel in an obscure country deservedly excites attention. It cost Mr. Crashaw the proprietor, £4000. It works many inferior wheels, acting in various directions for the purpose of pumping the air into a receptacle, where it is distributed with incredible force through different tudes to the furnaces. The whole weight of the wheel rests on gudgeons of a hundred tons; and over all the wheels water is continually running to prevent the effect of too great a friction.

I turn my attention from this enormous wheel to the Theatre of Merthyr. I was at several plays I beheld them partly with indignation and partly with merriment, I saw my own Pizarro murdered, and the Stranger burlesqued.

June 21.

This evening a British comedy, entitled the Road to Ruin attracted me at the Merthyr Theatre. It was announced in the bills as having been performed a whole season in London to brilliant and crowded audiences.

The hero of the drama is either a buck skinned, or doeskinned Jockey; that is the wit of the character centers in his being dressed in a pair of leather breeches, that reach up to his chin.

The sentiment of the play consists in the exclamations of this hero, who is eternally bellowing thats your sort! I'm the go! damn all dancing masters and their umbrellas.

And the *denouement* is produced by the opening of a *cake*, in which is found a *billet doux!*

During the performance, I frequently took snuff, and more than once I sighed for my pipe.

The audience, however, thought the play very fine. They laughed, till I thought the house would have fallen.

To saturate with happiness an English audience there was only one thing wanting. It wanted a scene where eating and drinking are introduced.

June 23.

Once more let me recur to the drama. Nothing is talked of but plays at Merthyr. I heard a child ask the ostler last night. "Thomas, what is to be the next play?—Isabello, said the ostler!

June 25.

At an inn, where the people are civil I would make many sacrifices, but I never can tolerate incivility. I was so ill this evening that I could not go to the theatre. I had recourse to my old friend camomile tea, or, to speak more correctly, I wished to have recourse to it. But my landlady put in her veto. "She would not have the Star turned into a Hospital! no, that she would not!'—From the star, therefore I removed to the Boot.

Oh! my Frederica! how different was thy conduct towards me! thou didst not, when racked with anguish, I complained, direct me to the hospital. Thou laidst me on thy bosom and bedewed me with thy tears!

June 26.

The men of fashion, both in Germany and England, when speaking of an inn, never fail to rank good attendance in the catalogue of its virtues.

The guests at the Boot at Merthyr are charmingly attended. The landlord's grand daughters wait at table. The Misses Probins. They are exquisite girls; smiling loves and graces.

June 27.

The phraseology of the people at Merthyr is affected by the Theatre. The eldest Miss Probin asked me this morning, if Merthyr was not "a dashing place." Yey Miss, said I, particularly after rain.

I just now found a book lying in the window of the bar, which proved to be the *Philosophical* Romance of my old friend Goethe. I read it delightfully over my coffee and toast; it was a supplement to the society, that I wanted. How much did the last interview between Werter and Charlotte electrify me.

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"Werter, she cried, in a faint voice, and turned her face from him, Werter! she repeated and, with a feeble hand put him from her!

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Heavens! what passion! what eloquence! what extacy!

July 1.

Early in the morning I quitted Merthyr and pursued my way to Caerfilly. The sky was serene, and the carol of the lark, together with the gambols of the sheep recalled my recollection a couplet of the first Poem my muse ever produced

Es singet die steigende lerche
Es hupfen die Schäf gen am berge.

The lark to Heaven ascending sings
And on the mountains skip the sheep,

I baited at the Quaker's yard. Mr. Edmons. who keeps the Hedge ale house, recognized his

former guest but he speaking no English and I no Welch, we were obliged to have recourse to gesticulations.

"This is the deadly spight that angers me!
My host can talk no English, I no Welch!"

I approached Caerfilly again with pleasurable emotions for I expected to be well received. Nor was I disappointed. Jones beheld me with a smile, that had nothing Sardonic in it, and Mary, clapping her hands, exclaimed *o duw dum* a Meister Kotzebue!

July 2.

A Melancholy morning. The sight of Caerfilly castle from the windows of the Boar's head led me to reflect on the fragility of things, and, by a natural transition, I meditated in silence on the loss of my Frederica!

July 3.

I am tired of Caerfilly. The insufferable Welch of the inhabitants makes me eager to depart; and having seen the castle the place is exhausted.

A young English lord of the name of Lewisham slept last night at the bear's head. He was accompanied by another Lord who carried off the castle with him in his Port Folio, that is he made a drawing of it.

July 4.

At six, I left Caerfilly, its castle and its pot houses in quiet possession of its inhabitants. Man is a microcosm. To hear the people of Caerfilly talk, one would absolutely suppose that it constituted the universe. I reached New Port about ten. It had rained the preceding day, and my mare would frequently stop on the road to browse the grass, when recalling the image of my Frederica, I was lost in musing on our visit to Leipsig fair. Ah! was there then on earth a mortal happier than I. The whole creation seemed mine and I its sovereign.

New Port is an ill built town. Its bridge is handsome, but the architect has put his name to it. "Stop you! Look you here now! This bridge was built by the Architect, who built the famous Pontyprid, &c. &c."

I think it was Pope, who said

Who builds a Church to God and not to Fame,
Will ne'er inscribe the marble with his name!

New Port is Churchless; but it has a castle, and hence the place is much resorted to by tourists.

Of all writers these Tourists are the most flat, stale and unprofitable. Next to the calamity I have felt in the loss of my Frederica, my greatest would be to undergo the task of reading though the tours of C——, W——, B——, and W——.*

July 5.

I make the Parrot my head quarters. It is kept by Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, good worthy people, who always take their night caps before they go to bed.

I am not here in the paradise of the Author of the Alcoran. Neither the Mistress nor the maids are likely to inspire travellers with tender sentiments.

Here and every where, there is such an eternal ringing of changes upon Welch, that it is really fatiguing. Some are singing, some swearing, and others scolding in Welch.

The people are in great alarm lest Buonaparte should come over. It is the opinion of Mr. Morgan that he will come; but Mrs. Morgan wishes she may never be sick till he does.

A man, the other day, was taken up in the neighbourhood, on the presumption that he was Buonaparte. They found him taking plans, but the supposed delinquent proved to be a tourist sketching a view of Tredfalt castle, for a frontispiece to his projected volume.

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* Tenderness for living reputation makes the translator suppress the names in the original.

My route from New Port was Chepstow, a place of no inconsiderable trade. But it did not supply any incident that deserves to be recorded in my journal, and I took the first tide to cross at the ferry and return to Bristol.

At Bristol, I was hospitably received by Mr. Morgan who keeps the grey hound in Broad Mead. His ordinary is good, his stables ample, his hay excellent and his beds downy. I would willingly have prolonged my stay under the comfortable roof of Mr. Morgan, but Bristol was familiar to me, and I had not yet visited the Metropolis.

I therefore took a place in the mail and nodded almost the whole way to town.

Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus!!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LAY PREACHER.

Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart.

Where is the sullen mortal who would refuse to obey so pleasant an injunction as this, coming too on the authority of Solomon?

However, as this doctrine, at first view, seems to flatter the indulgence of the passions, and therefore, to proceed with an ill grace from a moral teacher, let us look narrowly into Solomon's system and endeavour that Wisdom may be justified of her children.

In one of the most interesting and amusing journals that we find in the Bible, Solomon has narrated to us the hopes and fears, which agitated his busy life. Born a monarch, he could exercise supreme power, and a votary of the muses, he acquired the highest wisdom. His city was magnificent, his subjects loyal. Commerce wafted him all that was rare from Sidon, and the decks of Turkish ships glittered with the pageantry of its pea-cocks. In a situation so favourable to enjoyment, it was natural that he should withold his heart from no joy, and that the luxury of the East should excite him to refine on pleasure. From his love of letters, his first indulgences were mental. He conned the pithy sayings of the Orientals, and fatigued his faculties with the scholastic jargon of many a Rabbi. But soon discovering that he was directing his thoughts through a trackless maze, and that if such abstruse disquisitions were too eagerly pursued, Wisdom would turn into Folly and too much learning make him mad, he resolved to descend from the pinnacle of Speculation, and mix with men in the highway of life. We then hear of his agricultural experiments, the cares of a numerous household, his domestic details and his public munificence. Through the dusty deserts of Palestine he probably conveyed distant water to thirsty subjects, and with numerous bridges, over-arched the brook Cedron. But the restless prince, when the labours of the day were past, and he communed with his own heart in the inner chamber of the palace, found, in Reflection's sober hour, that this was a sore travail and vexation of spirit. At length, after numerous experiments on happiness, he drew a formal comparison between the various situations in life. After stating the accompt of human hope and disappointment, with clerical accuracy; that Folly has a funeral splendid as the obsequies of Wisdom herself; that the goods of fortune are perishable, and, though attained by a course of painful industry, may probably become the inheritance of an idler; that the reign of novelty was past, and every object wore the uniform of sameness, he concludes, I think philosophically, by arguing against anxiety, and enjoining a moderate participation of festal joys.

From various passages, interspersed throughout the volume of our belief, I am persuaded that christianity was designed to be a cheerful system. Miserable was the perversion of its precepts by those, in early times, who believed that none could prove its sincere votaries, but the moping and the austere. It is wonderful that primitive Piety, who must be supposed to hold the Bible constantly in her hand, should not discern the numerous texts enjoined to sanctify the moderate use of the good things of this world. Not to be too anxious, to hope habitually, to enjoy *soberly*, and to rejoice evermore are prominent precepts in the New Testament. I hope I shall not be accused of thinking like certain philosophers of the sect of the Epicureans, when I frankly acknowledge that I see no valid reason to forbid the straightest of our religion eating a dinner with *sweet* herbs instead of the *bitter* ones of the passover. Should such a feast of joy provoke thirst, I shall not deem it an infraction of gospel rules to indulge him with a *little wine*. The vine-yards of Engedi are no more, but those of France remain; and if a Jewish lawgiver could "tie his colt to the vine, and dip his mantle in the blood of the grape," why may not the modern drinking-glass be sometimes tinged, and why were grapes given us unless to be crushed?

ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM COWPER.

(Continued.)

TO THE REV. WILLIAM UNWIN.

September 29, 1783.

My dear William, we are sorry that you and your household partake so largely of the ill effects of this unhealthy season. You are happy however, in having hitherto escaped the epidemic fever, which has prevailed much in this part of the kingdom, and carried many off. Your Mother and I are well. After more than a fortnight's indisposition, which slight appellation is quite adequate to the description of all I suffered, I am at length restored by a grain of emetic tartar. It is a tax I generally pay in autumn. By this time (I hope) a purer ether than we have seen for months, and these brighter suns than the summer had to boast, have cheered your spirits, and made your existence more comfortable. We are rational. But we are animal too, and therefore subject to the influences of the weather. The cattle in the fields, show evident symptoms of lassitude and disgust, in an unpleasant season; and we, their lords and masters, are constrained to sympathize with them: the only difference between us is, that they know not the cause of their dejection, and we do, but for our humiliation, are equally at a loss to cure it. Upon this account, I have sometimes wished myself a philosopher. How happy, in comparison with myself, does the sagacious investigator of nature seem, whose fancy is ever employed in the invention of *Hypotheses*, and his reason in the support of them! While he is accounting for the origin of the winds, he has no leisure to attend to their influence upon himself—and, while he considers what the sun is made of, forgets that he has not shone for a month. One project indeed, supplants another. The *vortices* of Descartes, gave way to the gravitation of Newton, and this again is threatened by the electrical fluid of a modern. One generation blows bubbles, and the next breaks them, But in the mean time your philosopher is a happy man. He escapes a thousand inquietudes, to which the indolent are subject, and finds his occupation, whether it be the pursuit of a butterfly, or a demonstration the wholesomest exercise in the world. As he proceeds, he applauds himself. His discoveries, though eventually perhaps, they prove but dreams, are to him realities. The world gazes at him, as he does at new phænomena in the heavens, and perhaps understand him as little. But this does not prevent their praises, nor at all disturb him in the enjoyment of that self complacence, to which his imaginary success entitles him. He wears his honours, while he lives, and if another strips them off, when he has been dead a century, it is no great matter. He can then make shift without them.

I have said a great deal upon this subject, and know not what it all amounts to. I did not intend a syllable of it, when I began. But *currente calamo*,

I stumbled upon it. My end is to amuse myself and you. The former of these two points is secured. I shall be happy if I do not miss the latter.

By the way, what is your opinion of these air balloons? I am quite charmed with the discovery. Is it not possible (do you suppose?) to convey such a quantity of inflammable air into the stomach, and abdomen, that the philosopher, no longer gravitating to a centre, shall ascend by his own comparative levity, and never stop till he has reached a medium, exactly *in equilibrio* with himself? May he not, by the help of a pasteboard rudder, attached to his posteriors, steer himself in that purer element with ease, and again by a slow and gradual discharge of his aerial contents, recover his former tendency to the earth, and descend without the smallest danger or inconvenience? These things are worth inquiry; and (I dare say) they will be inquired after as they deserve: The *pennæ non homini datæ*, are likely to be less regretted than they were; and perhaps a flight of academicians, and a covey of fine ladies, may be no uncommon spectacle in the next generation. A letter, which appeared in the public prints last week, convinces me that the learned are not without hopes of some such improvement upon this discovery. The author is a sensible and ingenious man, and under a reasonable apprehension that the ignorant may feel themselves inclined to laugh upon a subject, that affects himself with the utmost seriousness, with much good manners, and management, bespeaks their patience, suggesting many good consequences, that may result from a course of experiments upon this machine, and amongst others, that it may be of use in ascertaining the shape of continents and islands, and the face of wide-extended and far distant countries, an end not to be hoped for, unless by these means of extraordinary elevation the human prospect may be immensely enlarged, and the philosopher, exalted to the skies, attain a view of the whole hemisphere at once. But whether he is to ascend by the mere inflation of his person, as hinted above, or whether in a sort of bandbox, supported upon balloons, is not yet apparent, nor (I suppose) even in his own idea perfectly decided.

Yours, my dear William, W. C.

TO THE REV. JOHN NEWTON.

October 6, 1783.

My dear friend—it is indeed a melancholy consideration, that the gospel, whose direct tendency is to promote the happiness of mankind, in the present life, as well as in the life to come, and which so effectually answers the design of its author, whenever it is well understood and sincerely believed, should, through the ignorance, the bigotry, the superstition of its professors, and the ambition of popes, and princes, the tools of popes, have produced incidentally so much mischief; only furnishing the world with a plausible excuse to worry each other, while they sanctified the worst cause with the specious pretext of zeal for the furtherance of the best.

Angels descend from heaven to publish peace, between man and his maker—the prince of peace himself comes to confirm and establish it, and war, hatred, and dessolation, are the consequence. Thousands quarrel about the interpretation of a book, which none of them understand. He that is slain, dies firmly persuaded that the crown of martyrdom expects him, and he that slew him, is equally convinced that he has done God service.—In reality, they are both mistaken, and equally unentitled to the honour they arrogate to themselves. If a multitude of blind men should set out for a certain city, and dispute about the right road 'till a battle ensued between them, the probable effect would be, that none of them would ever reach it: and such a fray preposterous and shocking in the extreme, would exhibit a picture in some degree resembling the original of which we have been speaking. And why is not the world thus occupied at present; even because they have exchanged a zeal that was no better than madness, for an indifference equally pitiable and absurd. The holy sepulchre has lost its importance in the eyes of nations, called christian, not because the light of true wisdom has delivered them from a superstitious attachment to the spot, but because he that was buried in it, is no longer regarded by them as the Saviour of the world. The exercise of reason, enlightened by philosophy has cured them indeed of the misery of an abused understanding, but together with the delusion they have lost the substance, and for the sake of the lies that were grafted upon it, have quarrelled with the truth itself. Here then we see the *ne plus ultra* of human wisdom, at least in affairs of religion. It enlightens the mind with respect to non-essentials, but with respect to that in which the essence of christianity consists, leaves it perfectly in the dark. It can discover many errors that in different ages have disgraced the faith, but it is only to make way for the admission of one more fatal than them all, which represents that faith itself as a delusion. Why those evils have been permitted shall be known hereafter. One thing in the mean time is certain: that the folly and frenzy of the professed disciples of the gospel have been more dangerous to its interests than all the avowed hostilities of its adversaries, and perhaps for this cause these mischiefs might be suffered to prevail for a season, that its divine original and nature, might be the more illustrated, when it should appear that it was able to stand its ground for ages against that most formidable of all attacks, the indiscretion of its friends. The outrages that have followed this perversion of the truth, have proved indeed a stumbling-block to individuals, the wise of this world, with all their wisdom, have not been able to distinguish between the blessing and the abuse of it. Voltaire was offended, and Gibbon has turned his back, but the flock of Christ is still nourished, and still encreases, notwithstanding the unbelief of a philosopher is able to convert bread into a stone, and a fish into a serpent.

I am much obliged to you for the Voyages which I received, and began to read last night. My imagination is so captivated upon these occasions, that I seem to partake with the navigators, in all the dangers they encountered. I lose my anchor; my main-sail is rent into shreds; I kill a shark, and by signs converse with a Patagonian, and all this without moving from the fire side. The principal fruits of these circuits, that have been made around the globe, seem likely to be the amusement of those that staid at home. Discoveries have been made, but such discoveries as will hardly satisfy the expense of such undertakings. We brought away an Indian, and having debauched him, we sent him home again to communicate the infection to his country—fine sport to be sure, but such as will not defray the cost. Nations that live upon bread fruit, and have no mines to make them worthy of our acquaintance, will be but little visited for the future. So much the better for them; their poverty is indeed their mercy.

Yours, my dear friend, W. C.

[To be Continued.]

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[The following essay by GOLDSMITH deserves preservation in this Miscellany because, like a roman coin, it is both rare and curious, and because it introduces to our acquaintance a very original character. It is scarcely necessary to add that the style of this essay is every way worthy of the author of the Vicar of Wakefield.]

There can be, perhaps, no greater entertainment than to compare the rude Celtic simplicity with modern refinement. Books, however, seem incapable of furnishing the parrellel; and to be acquainted with the ancient manners of our own ancestors, we should endeavour to look for their remains in those countries, which, being in some measure retired from an intercourse with other nations, are still untinctured with foreign refinement, language, or breeding. The Irish will satisfy curiosity in this respect, preferably to all other nations I have seen. They, in several parts of that country, still adhere to their ancient language, dress, furniture, and superstition; several customs exist among them, that still speak their origin; and in some respects, Cæsar's description of the ancient Britons is applicable to them.

Their bards, in particular, are still held in great veneration among them: those traditional heralds are invited to every funeral, in order to fill up the intervals of the howl, with their songs and harps. In these they rehearse the actions of the ancestors of the deceased, bewail the bondage of their country under the English government, and generally conclude with advising the young men and maidens to make the best use of their time, for they will soon, for all their present bloom, be stretched under the table, like the dead body before them.

Of all the bards this country ever produced the last and the greatest was *Carolan* the *Blind*. He was at once a poet, a musician, a composer and sung his own verses to his harp. The original natives never mentioned his name without rapture; both his poetry and music they have by heart; and even some of the English themselves, who have been transplanted there, find his music extremely pleasing. A song beginning "O Rourk's noble farewel will ne'er be forgot," translated by Dean Swift is of his composition: which, though perhaps by this means the best known of his pieces is yet by no means the most deserving. His songs in general, may be compared to those songs of Pindar, as they have frequently the same flights of imagination, and are composed (I don't say written, for he could not write) merely to flatter some man of fortune upon some excellence of the same kind. In these, one man is praised for the excellence of his stable, as in Pindar; another for his hospitality a third for the beauty of his wife and children and a fourth for the antiquity of his family. Whenever any of the original natives of distinction were assembled at feasting, or revelling, Carolan was generally there, where he was always ready with his harp to celebrate their praises. He seemed by nature formed for his profession; for as he was born blind, so also he was possessed of a most astonishing memory, and a facetious turn of thinking, which gave his entertainments infinite satisfaction. Being once at the house of an Irish nobleman, where there was a musician present, who was eminent in the profession, Carolan immediately challenged him to a trial of skill. To carry the jest forward, his Lordship persuaded the musician to accept the challenge, and he accordingly played over on his fiddle the fifth concert of Vivaldi. Carolan, immediately taking his harp, played over the whole piece after him, without missing a note, though he had never heard it before; which produced some surprise! but their astonishment increased when he assured them he could make a concerto in the same taste himself, which he instantly composed, and that with such spirit and elegance that it may compare (for we have it still) with the finest compositions of Italy.

His death was not less remarkable than his life. Homer was never more fond of a glas than he; he would drink whole pints of usquebaugh, and, as he used to think, without any ill consequence. His intemperance, however, in this respect at last brought an incurable disorder, and when just at the point of death, he called for a cup of his beloved liquor those; who where standing round him, surprised at the demand, endeavoured to pursuade him to the contrary; but he persisted, and, when the bowl was brought him, attempted to drink, but could not; wherefore, giving away the bowl he

observed with a smile, that it would be hard, if two such friends as he and the cup should part at least without kissing; and then expired.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. J. Osborn, who from his attainments in literature as well as from his professional ability, appears to be fully competent to the liberal task he has undertaken, has issued at New-York a plan for a Circulating library, which as it is ingeniously devised, we hope may be generally encouraged.

PROSPECTUS.

That a Circulating Library, from which might be obtained, at a reasonable expense, the use of every new publication of merit, in every department of polite literature, should be deemed of great public utility, as well as convenience, no candid mind will hesitate to acknowledge. The truth of this position will be more readily confessed when it is considered, that of the swarm of literary novelties with which the presses of our own country, as well as those of Britain, daily teem, comparatively a very small proportion consists of such works as are deemed necessary for a private library; or of such as excite any more curiosity than may be gratified by a cursory perusal.

Those publications which are sought for, rather to be consulted than studied, have now become so numerous, that few would purchase them, who could otherwise obtain their use: and the same may be said of a variety of productions of local and temporary interest, and of such works of imagination, as when once read, are neglected, or consigned to oblivion, as having already imparted that amusement which a second perusal would fail to supply. Among books of the first description, may be ranked almost all the periodical publications of Great Britain and of the United States; and among those of the second, such works as are read chiefly for amusement, as novels and romances, and such as are connected only with the political history of the day.

By those who acknowledge the justness of the preceding remarks the attempt to establish a Circulating Library, which shall furnish every literary novelty (excepting only such expensive editions as the present luxury of printing must sometimes necessarily exclude) will be thought deserving of encouragement and support. Such an attempt will be made by the present proprietor, who solicits that share of the public patronage, which such an undertaking may be thought to merit.

Arrangements have already been made with the London publishers, which will secure the regular and early importation of all the best periodical publications of Great Britain, and to these will be added, from time to time, such new works in the French language, as may be deemed of general and extraordinary interest.*

It was thought necessary to say thus much, for the information of those who may be disposed to patronise this institution, with a view to its future enlargement, and the accomplishment of the plan which is now begun, for rendering it hereafter an object of more general interest, and more extensively useful to men of literature.

For the information of those who may be desirous of knowing its present condition, it may be stated, without the fear of contradiction, that the Library is now more extensive than any other of the same kind in America, as well as more valuable, on account of the variety and selection of its contents. The Catalogue, at present, comprises more than Ten Thousand volumes, in English and French, principally selected in Europe, with great care and attention, by Mr. Caritat, and containing many rare and curious works which are not to be found in any other collection in America.

In History and Biography—the Catalogue presents such a numerous list of the most approved modern works, and translations of the ancients, that the reader can scarcely fail of being gratified with the object of his search.

The Class of Voyages and Travels, will be found so extensive, that very few of the most recent and most important narratives of this kind are known to be omitted; and in

Experimental and Natural Philosophy, a sufficient number of works, of established reputation, may be selected, to render this department an interesting object to every Student.

In Morality, Criticism, Education, Agriculture, and works generally of a miscellaneous nature, such a variety is offered as must allure every curious inquirer, and amply satisfy the wishes of every reader.

The department of *Novels and Romances (as hitherto obtaining the most substantial patronage)* has been so copiously and so attentively supplied, that scarcely a Novel or Romance not included in it can be named, from "*That Ancient Most Fam'd Romance, Parthenissa*" by the Earl of Orrery, to the latest of the productions of the London press, which have reached this country. In short, such an ample and various stock of literature is here provided, that he must be very learned or very ignorant, who cannot derive from it, either instruction or amusement.

To French residents, the use of this library will be found particularly convenient, as it will give them the opportunity of reading an extensive and well selected variety of the best works in their native language, an advantage which they cannot otherwise easily obtain, as of them the book-stores in New-York can supply but a small proportion—And the Catalogue of French books must present some allurements to all those who are desirous rather to recur to the original authors, than to use the medium of translation; and to the young student in particular, who my profitably avail himself of it with a view to his improvement in the French tongue.

Enough has been said, it is hoped, to convince those of their error who imagine that Novels and Romances constitute the principal part of this collection, and who, but for the prejudices which they entertain against that kind of reading, would willingly subscribe to a library, from which their families might be supplied with books of instruction and rational amusement. Those subscribers, however, who think proper themselves to direct the reading of the younger branches of their families, may rely on having their directions scrupulously attended to. And the proprietor avails himself of this occasion, to assure the public, and parents and heads of families in particular, that no books shall be circulated from his library, obviously calculated to strengthen the allurements of vice, or which are generally deemed unfriendly to the cause of virtue.

P. S. The subscribers are informed, that early in the autumn, besides the periodical works before mentioned, the Library will be augmented, by the addition of about two hundred volumes of novels and romances, and various other recent British publications, when a new Catalogue, of easy reference will be published—the Librarian, however, will not cease to recommend Mr. Caritat's last Explanatory Catalogue, containing generally, a brief character of the various works comprized in it, judiciously abridged from the different Reviews. The collectors of private and public libraries, cannot have a better help, in making their selections, than this Catalogue will afford, as the same information relative to so great a number of books, can no where else be obtained, in so convenient a manner. This Catalogue, which is coming daily into more request as it becomes more known, can be had *only* at the Library, and at I. Riley and Co's. Book-store, Broad-way—price 50 cents.

CONDITIONS.

I. The Subscription Money must always be paid in advance, and a deposit made if required.

II Subscribers in Town, at *Eight Dollars a year Four and a Half a half a year, Two and a Half a quarter, and one Dollar a month*, are entitled to four books at a time, the use of all the new publications, and to change their books once every day.

III. Subscribers at *Four Dollars a year, Two and a Quarter a half year, One and a Quarter a quarter year, and Fifty Cents a month*, are entitled to two books at a time, without the use of the new publications, and to change their books twice a week.—

N. B. *Each quarto and 8vo. to be counted as two books.*

IV. Readers by the book to leave the value, and to pay per week, for each quarto, twenty-five cents, octavo, twelve cents, 12mo six cents.

V. Subscribers in town, not to have more than one new set at a time, nor to keep it, if duodecimo, longer than a week, if octavo, not beyond a fortnight; nor any work longer than a month, under penalty of paying the price of the set.

VI. If any book be writtten in, defaced, or damaged, while in the keeping of a subscriber, the book, or the set, of which it is a part, to be paid for.

VII. Subscribers are to give in their names, and places of abode, and to engage not to lend any of the books taken from the library, under penalty of forfeiting their subscription.

VIII. Country Subscribers will be supplied with a greater number of books, in proportion to their distance, and the convenience of changing their books; and any quantity desired, may be had, on paying in proportion to the number. For the accommodation of those who reside at a distance, suitable boxes will be provided, with locks and keys the expense of which, as well as carriage, to be paid by the subscriber.

IX. To prevent disappointment and delay, subscribers are requested to send a list of ten or twelve books with the first words of the title copied from the Catalogue; those most wanted, to be first in order. N. B. *The periodical publications of the current year, will only be furnished to yearly subscribers, at Eight Dollars.*

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Mr. Ezra Sargeant, bookseller at New-York, has just published Colman's last, and perhaps wittiest comedy, entitled "Who wants a Guinea?" This diverting drama will attract and reward the curiosity of our readers. Some of the characters

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* The following Periodical Publications, will be regularly received, at least six times a year; the first supply may be expected early in the Autumn, and the series of each thenceforward, will be kept entire.

Aikin's Annual Review—The New Annual Register—Dodsley's Annual Register—Annual Necreology and Biography—Asiatic Annual register—Annals of Agriculture.—British Army List—Steel's Army and Navy Lists—British Critic.—Cambridge University Almanac.—Court Calendar.—Christian Magazine, or Gospel Repository.—Commercial, Agricultural, and Manufacturer's Magazine.—Conjuror's Magazine.—Chirurgical Review—Dublin Magazine.—European Magazine.—Farmer's Magazine—Gentleman's Magazine—German Museum.—Lady's Magazine.—Lady's Museum.—London Catalogues.—Monthly Epitome.—Monthly Mirror.—Monthly Magazine.—Nicholson's Journal.—Naval Chronicle—Public Characters—Register of the Times.—Repository of Arts and Manufactures.—Sentimental and Masonic Magazine.—Spirit of the Public Journals.—Sporting Magazine.—Edinburgh Review.—Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal.—The first number was published Jan. 1805.—Scot's Magazine, and Edinburgh Literary Miscellanies.

Any of the above Periodical Publications will be imported for such persons as will engage to take them for one year—orders for these or any other British or French publications, accompanied by directions for the payment in New-York, will be executed punctually, and the books fowarded at as short intervals as possible, to any part of the United States.

are peculiarly interesting. The generous impulses of Torrent, the misanthrophy of Burford, the gibberish of Solomon Gundy, and the admi able equivoque in the fifth act are the principal points to which attention will be directed. We may adventure to assure the purchasers of this play that though it springs no mine of actual *gold*, yet it will yield them a *guinea's* worth of amusement.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

In the following elegant Ode, Mr. Pye the laureat has very happily alluded to the recent circumstance of the installation of the Knights of Windsor. This magnificent festival of the cavaliers of St. George is very historically, graphically and poetically described. The compliment to the Monarch of Great Britain in the concluding couplet is fully deserved.

ODE FOR HIS MAJESTY's BIRTH-DAY, 1805.

BY HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ. P. L.

I.

High on the *winding shores sublime,
That Thames' Imperial wave divide,
Majestic in the garb of time,
Where yon proud dome frowns on the silver tide;
Honour's and Knighthood's bright abode,
By nobles, warriors, patriots trod,
What time from Gallia's vanquish'd coast,
Returning with his victor host,
Triumphant Edward rear'd, on high,
The banner'd meed of chivalry;
While eminent above the rest,
With sable arms and snowy crest,
The youthful hero grac'd his side,
His country and his sovereign's pride;
From ev'ry clime lo! glory calls
Her votaries to yon trophied walls;
Binds her fair guerdon round each loyal breast,
And bids them combat pride and succour worth oppress'd.

II.

The notes of triumph swell again!—
Lo, Windsor boasts, as bright a train
Of Royal youths, as brave as those
Who frown'd defeat on Edward's foes;
Of Royal nymphs, as fair a race
As crown'd Philippa's chaste embrace;
Around their King, their Sire, they stand,
A valiant and a beauteous band.
Conspicuous shining 'mid the rest,
In chivalry's first honours dress'd,
For Cambria's Prince, for George's Heir,
Albion prefers this ardent prayer;
Thine be the sacred wreath of virtuous praise,'[of days.
Thine youthful Edward's fame; but crown'd with length

III.

Oh! still, as this auspicious morn
Awakes the Muse's votive lays,
May peace and health, and fame adorn.
The tributary strain she duteous pays!
And while, where'er his navies ride,
Where'er his legions bend their course,
Oppressive rage and giant pride
Yield to his firm, but temperate force!
Guarded he stands from inroad's fear,
By Freedom's shield, by Valour's spear;
Though dark Despair, and Shame, and Woe,
Lurk in the wreaths that bind the guilty brow,
In George's diadem resplendent shine
Glory's unsullied beams, and Virtue's gems divine.

—

When Freedom knew, not where to rove,
From conquer'd Greece and groaning Rome,
At random driven, like Noah's dove,
Without a shelter, or a home:
The expanded world she viewed, where best
She might repose her weary foot;
Saw this our isle, set up her rest,
And bid the spreading tree take root;
Bid it adorn the land and be
Fair England's Tree of Liberty.

Thus spoke the Goddess—This fair tree
The towering forest's kingly boast;
Let my behests kept sacred be
This tree shall guard your sea-girt coast
Freedom's behests are these—To know
No faction, no cabal, no cause
From whose pestiferous breath may grow
Aught, gainst the Monarch or the Laws,
Keep sacred these, the Oak shall be
Fair England's Tree of Liberty.

Its friendly arms that, on their way,
Those succour, who its aid implore
A faithful portrait shall display
Of England's hospitable shore;
Of England's courage this fair tree,
A great example to impart,
To succour law and liberty,
Shall make a rampart of its heart;
Hail, sacrad oak, then, deign to be
Fair England's Tree of Liberty.

Then catch the enthusiastic strain,
Hail Freedom's Tree in fervent hymns,
That freely, on the awful main
Launches in Britain's cause its limbs:
That mighty walls and bulwarks forms
Whence England's thunder shall be hurld,
And, spight of battles and of storms
That bears our Commerce though the world
Hail Freedom's shrine! still deign to be
Fair England's Tree of Liberty.

—

High on the winding shores sublime. * The name of Windsor is derived from Winding shore.

The ensuing burlesque, though written before the era of the Della Cruscans, is a ve y appropriate satire upon the affectation, tinsel, and nonsense of a tribe of wittlings who have of late so much infected the whole body of literature.

ODE TO HORROR.

In the Allegorical, Descriptive, Alliterative, Epithetical Fantastic, Hyperbolical and Diabolical style of our modern ode wights and monody mongers.

Ferreus ingruit Horror. VIRG.

O Goddess of the glo my scene,
Of shadowy shapes thou black brow'd Queen;
Thy tresses dark with Ivy crown'd,
On yonder mould'ring abby found;
Oft wont from channels damp and dim
To call the sheeted spectre grim
While, as his loose chains loudly clink,
Thou add'st a length to every link;
O thou, that lovst at eve to seek
The pensive pacing pilgrim meek,
And sees't before his shuddering eyes
Strange forms, and fiends of giant size,
As wildly works thy wizard will
Till fear struck Fancy has her fill;
Dark power, whose magic might prevails
On hermit rocks and fairy vales;
O Goddess, erst by Spenser view'd,
What time the enchanter vile embru'd
His hand in Florimel's pure heart
Till loos'd by steel clad Britomart;
O thou, that erst on fancy's wing,
Didst terror trembling Tasso bring,
To groves, where kept damned furies dire,
Their blue tipt battlements of fire:
Thou that thro' many a darksome pine,
On the rugged rock recline,
Didst wake the hollow whisp'ring breeze,
With care-consumed Eloise:
O thou, with whom in cheerless cell,
The midnight clock pale prisoners tell;
O haste thee, mild, Miltonic maid,
From yonder yew's sequestered shade;
More bright than all the fabled nine,
Teach me to breathe the solemn line;
O bid my well ranged numbers rise
Pervious to none but Attic eyes
O give the strain that madness moves
Till every starting sense approves.

What seeth the Gallic traveller
When far in Arab desert drear
He found within the catacomb
Alive, the terrors of a tomb?
While many a mummy through the shade,
In hieroglyphic stole array'd,
Seem'd to uprear the mystic head,
And trace the gloom with ghostly tread;
Thou heards't him pour the stifled groan,
HORROR! his soul was all thy own.

O mother of the fire clad thought,
O haste thee from thy grave like grot!
(What time the witch performed the rite)
Sprung from the embrace of Fate and Night.
O Queen! that erst didst thinly spread
The willovy leaves o'er Isis head
And to her meek mein did'st dispense
Woe's most awful negligence;
What time in cave, with visage pale,
She told her elegiac tale;
O thou, whom wand'ring Warton saw,
Amaz'd with more than youthful awe
As by the pale moon's glimmering gleam
He mus'd his melancholy theme:
O curfew loving Goddess, haste!
O waft me to some Scythian waste,
Where, in gothic solitude
Mid prospects most sublimely rude,
Beneath a rough rock's gloomy chasm,
Thy sister sits, Enthusiasm:
Let me, with her, in magic trance
Hold most delirious dalliance,
Till I thy pensive votary
Horror, look madly wild like thee,
Until I gain true transport's shore
And life's retiring scene is o'er;
Aspire to some more azure sky,
Remote from dim mortality;
At length, recline the fainting head
In druid dreams dissolved and dead.

—

The following ode of Anacreon, as we are informed by Mr. Moore, is introduced in the romance of Theodorus Prodromus and is that kind of epithalamium which was sung like a scholium of the nuptial banquet.

Among the many works of the impassioned Sappho, of which time and ignorant superstition have deprived us, the loss of her epithalamiums is not one of the least that we deplore. A subject so interesting to an amorous fancy, was warmly felt, and must have been warmly described by such a soul and such an imagination.

To thee, the Queen of nymphs divine,
Fairest of all that fairest shine;
To thee, thou blushing young desire,
Who rul'st the world with darts of fire!
And oh! thou nuptial power, to thee
Who bear'st of life the guardian key;
Breathing my soul in fragrant praise,
And weaving wild my votive lays,
For thee, O Queen! I wake the lyre,
For thee, thou blushing young desire!
And oh! for thee, thou nuptial power,
Come and illume this genial hour.
Look on thy bride, luxuriant boy!
And while thy lambent glance of joy
Plays over all her blushing charms
Delay not, snatch her to thine arms,
Before the lovely, trembling prey,
Like a young birdling, wing away!
Oh! Stratocles, impassion'd youth!
Dear to the Queen of amorous truth,
And dear to her, whose yielding zone
Will soon resign her all thine own;
Turn to Myrilla, turn thine eye,
Breathe to Myrilla, breathe thy sigh!
To those bewitching beauties turn,
For thee they mantle, flush and burn!
Not more the rose, the queen of flowers,
Outblushes all the glow of bowers,
Than she unrivall'd bloom discloses,
The sweetest rose where all are roses!
Oh! may the sun, benignant, shed
His blandest influence o'er thy bed;
And foster there an infant tree,
To blush like her, and bloom like thee.

—

CANZONET.

How sprightly were the roundelays
I sang in Love's beginning days;
—Now, alas, I but deplore
Death of all that blest before!

Then my heart was in its prime,
('Twas Affection's budding-time!)
—It is broken now—and knows
One sense only—sense of woes.

Joy was whilom dash'd with ill,
Yet my songs were cheerful still;
—They were like the captive's strains,
Chaunted to the sound of chains!

—

STANZAS FROM THE SPANIS

Within my bosom's cell I bear
A recent wound—a valued woe;

It lurks unseen and buried there,
No gazing eyes my secret know.

It was, perhaps, too plainly told,
When last I heard the speaking maid;
—The rock untouch'd was hard and cold,
—The stricken flint its fires betray'd!

—

In one of his elegant and original sermons, the rev'd Sydney Smyth has introduced the following remark, which is the very essence of political wisdom.

A virtuous independence founded upon the best and most respectable principles, is very frequently mimicked from foolish motives or for bad purposes. There is a litigious jealousy of our superiors breaking out in a constant suspicion of affront; an affectation of surly virtue, and republican simplicity. There is a natural discontent of inferiority, an unworthy pedantry of independence which denies to rank the respect, that even ought to be paid to it, for the wise and wholesome purposes of subordination. Above all there is that horrid passion of convulsing and reversing, which would place the foot of the clown upon the neck of the noble, which would bow to the pandects and decretals of peasants, would make monarchs delve and toil, and entrust the sacred gold of the Sceptre into hands that had even clenched the scythe and the spade.

—

CANZON FROM THE SPANISH.

O weep not thus—we both shall know
Ere long a happier doom;
There is a place of rest below,
Where thou and I shall shurely go,
And sweetly sleep, releas'd from woe
Within the tomb.

My cradle was the couch of Care,
And Sorrow rock'd me in it;
Fate seem'd her saddest robe to wear
On the first day that saw me there,
And darkly shadow'd with despair
My earliest minute,

E'en then the griefs I now possess,
As natal boons were given;
And the fair form of Happiness,
Which hover'd round, intent to bless,
Scar'd by the phantoms of distress,
Flew back to heaven!

For I was made in Joy's despite,
And meant for Misery's slave;
And all my hours of brief delight
Fled, like the speedy winds of night,
Which soon shall wheel their sullen flight
Across my grave!

—

SONNET, BY CAMOENS, TRANSLATED BY LORD STRANGFORD.

Dear band which once adorn'd my worshipp'd fair,
Pledge of that better gift I hope to gain;
In just reward of Love's long-suffered pain;
What mighty transport would my bosom share
Had I but won a tress of that crisp hair,
Whose rich luxuriance late thou didst restrain;
Much though I prize thee, must my heart complain,
Since deem'd not worthy next its p[illegible]e to wear
A little portion of that precious gold!
Dear band, my miser soul were griev'd indeed,
That stars severe and wayward fate withhold
Truth's just reward, and long affection's meed,
But that I know 'tis in Love's legends told,
Gifts, small as these, to greatest blessings lead!*

—

Ausias March, a Troubadour has a thought which Lord Strangford thus translates.

Sweet is love, and sweet is the rose,
Each has a flower, and each has a thorn;
Roses die when the cold wind blows,
Love it is killed by Lady's scorn!

—

TO DELIA.

When in the midst of fond, yet untold love,
Thy form was banish'd from these eyes adoring,
When keenest pain it was my lot to prove,
Without the wretched solace of imploring.

Sharp was the pang that rent my injur'd heart,
For cruel power forbade me to adore thee;
Yet still hope linger'd weeping to depart,
And painted days that might at last restore thee.

And when for thee to toil, for thee to gain
Wealth's splendid ore, I doom'd myself to wander
To distant lands beyond the northern main,
Oft on my future lot would sadness ponder.

Yet even then, with joy's ecstatic thrill,
I saw in thought, thy cheek with beauty burning;
Mus'd on my happy home, and fancied still
That thy dear smiles would gret my blest returning.

But now, farewel to joy, farewel to peace!
Unfelt by me, is fame and fortune flying;
Cease ye fond schemes, ye ardent prospects cease,
Since rumour tells me, that my love is dying.

—

BON TON.

Sir Hall and Lady Sneer were heard
Disputing which had most regard:
Says Madam, "When I die my, Love
Your guardian angel I will prove,
And hover round you night and day,
Lest you, my dear, should *go astray!*"
"And I shall be so blest, my dear,"
Cried Spouse, beneath your *phantom* care
That *speedy as you please*, my love,
You may my *Guardian Angel prove*.

—

THE LETTER CARRIER.

A wag at the gallows, who relished a jest,
With a risible phiz thus the Hangman address'd;
"Well Jack I am going to visit that place
Where your *Father* is *gone* and *the rest of your race*;
Tis a chance but I see him and you my good friend
May by me your respects to the *family* send"
Ketch gravely replied, as he fasten'd the twine,
"I'll beg leave to trouble you, Sir, with a line."

—

The following translation of HORACE, Ode 20. Book I. To Mæcenas is no despicable imitation of Cowper's "Mary."

Low Sabine wine would be thy fare,
Stored into Grecian casks with care,
Shouldst thou my sober supper share,
Mæcenas.

The cask I sealed it with thy name
When, from the theatre, thy fame
Re-echoed back to Tiber's stream,
Mæcenas.

For thee should flow Cœcubian wine,
For thee Calinum press the vine;
But nor Formian nor Falernian's mine
Mæcenas.

—

THE LADY'S CHOICE.

Lucinda's luck did spinsters grudge,
While lovers twain pursu'd her
For while she charm'd an old grave *judge*
A young gay *sheriff* woo'd her.

The judge was rich, the sheriff poor,
Papa prefer'd his lordship
And Mammon scorn'd for Cupid's lure,
Old Squaretoes deem'd a hardship;

But Miss, whom rank nor wealth could move
To be by dotard bedded,
For if Jack Ketch had gain'd her love,
The hangman she'd have wedded,

Said, "Since to love, and *cherish* too,
Was Wedlock's institution;
Judgment may have its weight with you
But I'm for *Execution!*"

—

CANZON.

Should I but live a little more,
Nor die beneath thy cold disdain,
These eyes shall see thy triumphs o'er
Shall see the close of Beauty's reign.

For Time's transmuting hand shall turn
Thy locks of gold to "silvery wires;"
Those starry lamps shall cease to burn,
As now, with more than heav'nly fires.

Thy ripen'd cheek no longer wear
The ruddy blooms of rising dawn;
And every tiny dimple there
In wrinkled lines be roughly drawn;

And oh! what show'rs of fruitless woe
Shall fall upon that fatal day—
How wilt thou weep the frequent "no,"
How mourn occasion past away!—

Those vain regrets, and useless sighs,
Shall in my heart no pity move—
I'll deem them but a sacrifice
Due to the shade of buried Love!

—

In the evening previous to his condemnation for being a party in the late conspiracy against Buonaparte, the Marquis de la Vivure observing Madame de la Force in the midst of the crowd, and who appeared to take a very lively interest in his fate composed, at that critical moment, the following Epigram.

En prison est ou bien ou mal?
On est mal j'en suis l'exemple
On est mal ou bureau central;
On est plus mal ancore au Temple
A l'abbaye on nest past mieux
Et d'en sortier chacun s'efforce
Le prisonier le plus heureuse
Est le prisonier de la Force.

—

The subsequent Sonnet is another brilliant proof of the uncommon merit of lord STRANGFORD.

Dear lost Antonio!* whilst I yet deplore
My bosom's friend—and mourn the withering blow
Which laid, in manly flow'r, the warrior low,
Whose valour sham'd the glorious deeds of yore;
E'en while mine eyes their humid tribute pour,
My spirit feels a sad delight, to know
That thou hast but resign'd a world of woe
For one, where pains and griefs shall wound no more;
Though torn, alas, form this sublunar sphere,
For ever torn, by War's ungentle hand,
Still were the Muse but as Affection strong,
My dead Antonio should revive in song,
And, grac'd by Poetry's "melodious tear,"
Live, in the memory of a grateful land!

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The original letters by Cowper, which we are now regularly republishng, are intirely new, on this side of the Attlantic. Their intrinsic merit is so great that the Editor does not know whether he could perform a more acceptable service to those who are studious of an epistolary style pure, easy and elegant than by enjoining the assiduous perusal of these admirable letters.

—

Clara, the rural Poetess and the friend of Phosphor may, at this soft and cheerful season find many a motive to poetical exertion.

—

The Author of lines, plausive of Cowper, inserted in a late paper is requested to give us additional proofs of the correctness and ingenuity of his mind.

"The Invitation," with a reply" and a rejoinder" minor poems on a temporary topic, have been examined in a sort of *court* of criticism, and a favourable verdict has been obtained.

---

* Our Poet had implored Donna Caterina to grant him a lock of her hair. She promised to bestow it at some future period, and in the mean-time presented him with the fillet which she wore round her head, as a pledge of her intentions in his favour.

"*Gifts small as these*". Literally, "By the laws of Love *part* is taken in pledge for *all*."

* Written on the death of Don Antonio de Noronha, who was slain in an encounter with the Moors on the 18th of April, 1553. We must be careful not to confound this amiable young hero with the two inglorious viceroys of his name, nor with Don Antonio de Noronha, who was Governor of India in 1568, men remarkable for nothing but the rapacity and extortion which they displayed in the execution of their office. He whose premature death our Poet thus feelingly laments, was his earliest friend, and connected to him by a remarkable similarity of fortune. His father, the second Count of Linares, had sent him to join the Moorish expedition, in order to remove him from the object of an attachment which he had formed at Lisbon. It was in this expedition that he was slain. The circumstances of his death, as detailed by Sousa, exhibit all the chivalrous gallantry of those romantic days, when men were more than heroes, and woman but just less than divine.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MOUNT GAURUS* Translated from a latin fragment of Gray.

" Nec procul infelix se tollit in aethera Gaurus,
" Prospiciens vitreum lugenti vertice pontum:" &c.

Lo! where, his head high towering mid the skies,
Mount Gaurus overlooks the glassy wave;
Gaurus long time unus'd to fertile fields.—
No more above his plains, the olive spreads,
Or purple vineyard its accustomed shade.

While deepest midnight reign'd (so fame reports)
And all was hush'd in indolent repose,
The deep was troubled, and through all her caverns
Earth pour'd loud murmurs on the astonished ear.
Tremble the lofty groves, the inmost bay
Of Naples trembles, and the flaming jaws
Of mount Vesuvius feel the dreadful shock.
Sudden the ground gapes wide, beneath the feet
Disclosing frightful hollows from whose depths
Forth issuing pitchy clouds obscure the skies.
Erewhile in eddies whirl'd amid the air,
A gather'd storm of flaming cinders bursts
And in a fiery shower involves the scene.
The beasts affrighted fly—the shepherd flies
Along deserted cliffs or devious woods:
And as he flies, he calls his absent sons—
In vain he calls, tho' to his listening ear
Delusive Hope returns an answering sound.
Behold him now to lonely grief a prey
Seated among the solitary cliffs.
From whose drear eminence his roving eye
Seeks for his well known home and peaceful farm
In vain.—for nought his anxious vision meets
Save one wide luminous expanse of sea,
And plains with sulphurous ashes overspread,
Commingled smoke, and flames, and rocks in whirlwinds driven.

But when the crash had ended and the day
Beam'd on the frightful ruin, might be seen
On every side, the congregated swains,
With fearful step and boding heart, explore
Their ancient habitations now a waste:
Hoping, if hope such ruin could allow
Amid the vast destruction to descry
The ashes of their wives, their parents' bones
And in one urn the sad remains preserve
The sole sad solace of such mighty woes.
But ashes of their wives or parents' bones
Deceitful hope! or household Gods, or farm
Alas! never shall greet their longing eyes:
For when, so late, the cultivated field
Display'd its charms, a lofty mountain rose,
With smoking ashes hoar, its summit crown'd
With scatter'd rocky fragments; and below
Dire Ruin stalk'd oer all the wasted plains,
And claim'd her empire round the subject shores.

Hence mid the lapse of many a flowing year,
Thy former farm forgot; thy sterile breast
Unconscious of the plough, still rests unknown
To cultivation's renovating toil.
No more with song of shepherd or of bird
At morning hour thy squalid hills resound,
But thro' thy desolated lawns and plains,
Lo! silent Horror holds his dreary reign:
And oft the mariner as cruising near
He turns his prow from thy disastrous shore
Points with his finger to thy frowning cliffs
And tells the horrors of that dreadful night.

Jagged and rough, even now with shatter'd rocks
The mountain's face appears—but now no more
Its entrails vomit flame, long since extinct.
Whether exhausted its bituminous stores,
No longer fuel for its rage supply;
Or whether, meditating future wrath,
Within the deep recesses of its womb,
Again it gathers its now scatter'd fires
Pregnant with mighty mischief yet to come
And fraught with ruin to a race unborn.

****

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Do you ask me, what's whiter than snow?
What's fairer than lillies in bloom?
What, than riv'lets more gently doth flow?
What's sweet as Arabia's perfume.

On the breast of my Emma you'll find,
A brightness surpassing compare:
In the spotless revolves of her mind,
Is that which is fairer than fair.

In her temper there ne'er was a breeze,
It ever is cheerful and gay:
All Arabia's sweets do not please,
Like those which her manners display.

ARION.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Genius, the child of Gods, a pow'r divine,
Is not the offspring of proud honour's line—
The breast of Homer which it warmed, arose,
From parents whom, not even history knows—
E'en Pindar's soul, which wrapt in holy fire
Struck sounds of harmony, from th' ecstatic lyre
Sprang from an humble, solitary race,
And knew no honors, but its native grace;
Whence did the immortal Gifford's mind arise?
Himself supreme, great ancestry denies.
And Bloomfield's elegant, yet simple lays
Are not indebted to preceding days,
Their sacred sweetness is the child of worth,
Not the proud progeny of lofty birth.

ARION.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Nassau Hall August 27th.

SIR.

I inclose you two pieces of poetry, which are submitted to your judgment, and left entirely to your disposal with permission either to give them publicity through the medium of your elegant miscellany or cast them unnoticed among the literary lumber, that crowds your closset.

They are the effusions of an artless, original, and untutored fancy. Their author is Henry Clow (the college baker) a native of Ayrshire, and one who was personally acquainted with Burns whose memory he still cherishes, as if grateful for the honor the poet has conferred upon his country, by the never dying fame his writings have procured for himself. The first was written, after hearing an oration in praise of his countryman, delivered in public at this place, and was addressed to the young gentleman, who wrote it. The other was given to a gentleman, who was acquainted with his poetic turn, and is addressed to the members of the class, which is about graduating.

By publishing them, he may be induced to court with more assiduity the favour of his muse, and it will give a spur to the exertions of neglected genius.

Yours T. R. P—s.

POEM 1st.

Permit me Sir, e'en at this time
To send ye twa three words o' rhyme
An gin I thot twou'd be a crime
wi heart su fair
I'd break my whistle in its prime
And neer sing mair.

The ither day, I thought to gang,
And mix myself among the thrang
To hear them speak baith loud and lang
On war and peace
And speak o' heroes great and strang,
a warlike race.

I heard them speak, a' in their turns,
At last one spake, O' Rabie Burns,
An praised so weel the Poet's urns
I quered his name
They tauld me 'twas a youth who spake
O' Burns's fame.

Yes generous youth, ye gard me stare
When ye began to talk of Ayr
That place, where trips the bonniest fair
Baith braw and clean.
They dance and sing a' free fra care
On ilka green

Ah Scotia mourn! thy Poet's dead
Nae mair thy lovely vales he'll tread
Alas he's gone! but fame has spread
To ilka clime
That Ayrshire Rabie was the head
O' Scotia's rhyme.

But to conclude my sad narration
Excuse my simple education
I car' ne' for a higher station
Tho fortune turns
Then sing in praise o' Scotia's nation
an Rabie Burns.

HENRY CLOW.

The above was directed to the young gentleman who chose the celebrated Burns for his theme. Clow thanks him for the praise bestowed on his country, and on his country's Poet.

—

POEM 2nd.

Now when commencement's drawing near
When chaps get through their learning
Ye'r shure there'll be an unco steer
Frae ilka corner swarming.
When af ye gang to see your folks,
May some guid angel guide ye,
An dinna spare your learned jokes,
Whatever may betide ye
On ony day.

The bony lasses sair il miss ye
When af ye gang frae college
Their smile in looks il shurely bless ye
They ken your lads o' knowledge
Tho' faith, there' some wi rosy cheeks
An braw black rolling een
Wha for a partner fain wad seek
The scarcely in her teen
On sic a day.

The country lasses join the dance
Nor think it any sin
To dance and jump in ilka place
When once they do begin
The fiddler wi inspiring tune
Makes them forget their station,
At last up starts a country clown
And swears he rules the nation
That very day.

Brave fun for you wha's youthful days
Have been one scene of action
To learn the arts and try to please
And baffle ilka faction
May fortune crown ye 'a ye'r days
Wi' many a' hour o' pleasure
An honest mind the Poet says
Is far the best o' treasure
On ilka day.

HENRY CLOW

* A mountain in Italy, suddenly raised by an earthquake in 1538: a short account of which, taken from Sandy's Travels, may be seen in Gray's posthumous fragments.

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